

The COMMONWEAL

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Slow Awakening

NEWS of the capitulation of Italy is wearing off. And with it the feeling that the war is already won. The white wings have long since disposed of the tons of torn-up phone books, ticker tape and paper in other forms which elated office workers had showered down upon American city streets to celebrate Italy's surrender. News commentators no longer sound so jubilant, while people generally are less ready to believe recurrent rumors of new Allied landings or of neutrals coming over to the anti-Axis side.

Yet the official Italian surrender has brought the United Nations important durable gains. The bulk of the Italian Navy will free Allied ships for service on other seas. The effect on German morale, on the Balkans and other countries is incalculable. The vast numbers of German reserves poured into Italy mean that their other fronts have had to be greatly weakened. The very fact of direct contact with the Germans is a long step toward victory.

The tendency of so many ebullient Americans to confuse September 8 with victory itself has its dangers. In the main that assumption of victory goes beyond what is merely a natural longing for return to the ways of peace. It reflects a popular feeling manifested all along that once our plants

got going and our planes arrived, the Axis would fold up. After a few months of limited nationwide effort on the part of our 135,000,000's victory would be within reach. With Italy's formal surrender we thought that day had come, when in reality we had for the first time come up against the German army in real force. It seems to be God's Will that mankind must continue to bear the travail of this war for yet a while.

It is disturbing enough that Americans have so inadequate conception of what will be required for victory in the field against foes as tough as Germany and Japan. But our readiness to count the victory as won and to return to our own self-contained pursuits is even more alarming for the prospects of the post-war world. At this distance from the scene of battle, from the destruction of life and livelihood, from the nationalistic feeling this war has whipped into a flame, we view the fate of allied peoples with tremendous unconcern. If Americans could but realize how the fate of everyone has now become inextricably intertwined.

Comments on the reconvening of Congress note increasing sentiment there for the B2-H2 Bill or the Fulbright Resolution or some measure which will commit us now to a large part in the maintenance of international order in the future. That is essential if Americans are not to return unconcernedly to cultivating the garden behind high tariff walls all over again—to letting the rest of the world go hang. Awakening to the realities in this war can eventually make plain to the American mind the essentially global character of any lasting future peace. We may begin to understand that over here from contemplating the bloody sands of Salerno.

Republican Words

HOW MUCH do the findings of the Republican Post-War Advisory Council at Mackinac Island bind the whole Republican Party? Officially, very little. Yet they serve the valuable function of a whipping boy; they can be ruminated and praised and blamed and filtered and subjected to Gallup polling. They seem to us to boil down to this: in foreign policy, we cannot be the great ostrich nation, and we made a terrible mistake last time by burying our head in the sand. At home, we must achieve substantially the same ends as are the declared ends of the New Deal, but we must do it on a "practical" basis. There must be a "comprehensive program of social security on sound principles." One may wonder a little whether the home front policy is not a specimen of eating your cake and having it; we must assure all races equality of opportunity, relieve unemployment, stimulate small business, help the farmer, conserve our natural resources—and do all this with states' rights, with a reduction in the number of federal employees, with good, old-

fashioned private initiative. Somehow the second half, the domestic half, of the report is the less meaningful and the more like a campaign speech, promising all good things and two chickens in every pot. Yet it represents the dilemma of our day, even though it presents it naïvely. We want the advantages of a far more socialized government and concept of government, and yet we want them with all our old freedom from government meddling and interference. Out of these conflicting desires we must create a synthesis. We must preserve freedom and yet try to destroy injustice. The Republicans do not seem to see how terrible a problem this is in human life, but they do express a normal and healthy desire for both good things.

Their statement on foreign policy does not go very far and is certainly none too specific. But it is not isolationist and it is not imperialist. (Mr. Kellogg's extreme program was not adopted.) And its happiest augury is its last paragraph, calling for a foreign policy above partisan controversy. That we need, and need desperately, as a nation. For our weakest point has been precisely that "international peace and justice" have been with us subjects "of domestic partisan controversy and political bitterness."

Something to Continue

BY THE TERMS under which it was set up, the President's Fair Employment Practices Committee will cease to exist once the war is over. Now whatever criticism as may be leveled at this agency—and it has had a somewhat spotty career, especially prior to the chairmanship of Monsignor Haas—in principle it represents a great step forward. And no matter how seriously it may have failed, or may yet fail, in specific instances, any such failures are far outweighed by the most trivial single success. It has already achieved a number of successes. That is enough. For the first time the Government of the United States has laid it down that no private contractor with whom it does business may practice discrimination in his employment policies without voiding his contract.

For months we have advocated that this committee should be given a status of greater dignity, should become a sort of court or tribunal for hearing cases of discrimination and implementing that equality of opportunity, regardless of race or creed, on which Americans pride themselves. There has lately been formed a citizens' committee with the express intent of propagandizing to this end and of demanding that FEPC (or its equivalent) be made a permanent institution. This is all the more important because after the war there is likely to be a slackening off in employment, and it is during slack times that discrimination runs rampant, with no pressure of circumstance to hold it in check. With this committee's purpose

we are in hearty accord.

Yet it must be borne in mind that once the war is over, the principal lever, or sanction, at the disposal of the FEPC will be greatly weakened. The importance to industry of government contracts will greatly diminish, and under existing law, government contracts are the only weapons the government can use to ensure fair employment practices. Not only should FEPC be made permanent, but there is an even greater need for working out legislation which, while not trampling on constitutional rights, will supply such an agency with the teeth it will need in peacetime to promote greater economic justice for all the peoples of the United States, whatever their religion or the color of their skins. This is a tough nut to crack. But there can be no construction of any kind, no planning that can hope to succeed unless it springs from this premise of fair play.

Qui Mange du Pape en Crêve

CATHOLICS the world over were much disturbed over the news that the Germans upon occupying Rome were taking the Vatican under "protective custody." Thus far the Vatican radio has continued to function—although it is not known what curtailment on its broadcasts has been insisted on by occupying authorities or self-imposed. (But several foreign language broadcasts were called off.) The semi-official *Osservatore Romano*, long since restricted in its political comment by the Fascist authorities, continues to publish, although it has been reduced recently to a single sheet along with Italian newspapers generally. The most sinister of recent reports states that German parachutists have taken over the policing of Saint Peter's Square. Here the Germans claim that their guns are pointing toward the Italian capital in order to protect Vatican City. The recent manifestations of intense affection shown the Pope on the occasion of the bombing of Rome are clear proof that he needs no "protection" from the Italian people. The guns really point the other way.

If this is a prelude to military conquest of Vatican City, the German armies will certainly distinguish themselves once more. If it is a political venture, they can but blunder. The Nazis by proclaiming "protection" show that they ignore the basic elements of the problem; for the Vatican consistently has refused Italian and even international guarantee. History repeats itself. German, and Germanic, forces overrunning Italy have found themselves ultimately at the foot of the same wall. The wave has always broken against it. We are of course much worried by the fact that Nazi troops are in Saint Peter's Square. We know that the Holy Father can become a prisoner, a hostage, and even a martyr—but never an instrument of Nazi domination.

Seasonal

WHEN autumn came there would be no more roses in the garden of the school in Neuilly. The gardeners would rake the leaves into piles, rake the gravel of the paths; the girls of the school would walk along the paths and in September they would put on their winter uniforms. On Sunday afternoons there would be a procession of the girls two by two in their uniforms through the long avenues of Neuilly to the Seine, along the banks of the Seine, and then back past the town hall to the school. The lights would be coming on in the houses on the streets; and in the houses the lamp would be on the parlor table; the girls who were not in boarding school would be sitting at the table reading. It would be dark when the Sunday walk was over and when the girls came into the school the lights in the school would not be like the lights that were behind the blinds in the houses; the girls would go up to the dormitories, they would come down to Benediction in the chapel, they would march in to supper, they would say good night and curtsy, they would go to the dormitories and brush their teeth and go to bed. They would lie in bed and wonder if they would ever be in bed at home.

At home, when you went to bed, in the autumn there would be fire in the fireplace. If you lay in bed and looked at the ceiling the light would change all the time on the ceiling and when a log shifted in the fireplace the light in the room would become very bright and the colored photograph of grandfather in his naval uniform would show the blue of the uniform, the bright medal hanging on his chest, the sword, the admiral's hat placed on a broken marble column. You would lie in bed and the light from the fireplace would show the pale pink roses, the garlands of roses which made the pattern of the wall paper; the light would show the blue of the sea and the red cloud over Vesuvius in the View of Naples. The still autumn night would be outside the room, and in the countryside of the Jura the autumn is premonitory of winter but the room with the fire dying down in the room, the house, the garden, the wall round the garden, the silent village street, the church tower over the houses of the village, the fields surrounding the village, the woods and the hills enveloping the fields, the roads of the province, the rivers, the hills of one's country protected one against the autumn night, the winter night.

At home before I went to my room, my father would read to me. The lamp would be on the table; my mother would be sitting at her embroidery frame; perhaps I would be sorting the silks for her to work with; we would listen to my father reading from the Paris "Temps."

Eventually at Neuilly I fell ill of homesickness

and my father came to the school one day and I took off the uniform we wore in school; I put on the dress I had come to Paris in; my father took me home. Such salvation from loneliness, from autumn, from the gravel courtyard of the school, from the high walls which enclosed the school, can take place, perhaps once, in a lifetime. One can take refuge, perhaps, once in a lifetime. One can have the illusion of sanctuary once in a lifetime.

My father was not angry; he was embarrassed, of course, when he was received by the Mother Superior, he was with me as he would be with strangers until we were in a cab in the streets of the city. He took me to Chiboust's for a cup of hot, thick chocolate with whipped cream on top and then we drove to the station and the train carried us home through the night.

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Autumn is spring in Peru, in Australia, in Cape Town. I do not know what words they use for the season when night draws each day faster. I do not know what words they use for the falling leaves, the chill that comes to the heart. Perhaps there is not the same season for solitude in Australia. Perhaps they do not know what it is like where we live. The road comes up to the gate of the country house; in autumn you can see the house through the trees. It is the season for shooting and my father wears a leather jacket and walks out through the woods. The dogs run ahead. In the courtyard, logs are split; then they saw them into lengths for firewood. You look across the fields to the woods; the woods are gray; here and there is a tree still with its autumn leaves.

(The poor who sleep under the bridges in Paris are cold. Autumn comes to the city when it comes to the countryside. The poor walk past the great houses in the Faubourg St. Honoré, in the Boulevard St. Germain. Carriages drive into the courtyards of the great houses; the doors of the houses open; it is the hour to pay calls.)

People everywhere do what they can about autumn, about the autumn evening, the darkness and the cold. People have built houses, they sit before the fireplace in their houses under the lamp-light. The families sit together in the evenings. People have built houses and cities, they have organized their countries, the words they speak carry the memories which protect them. The autumn comes, then winter, and people everywhere have built what protection they could against the sadness of the year's ending.

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These things have nothing to do with the war, oh, nothing at all.

FRANCES FERNEY.

After Surrender

By C. G. Paulding

WE HAD BEEN fighting the fascists and for the period between the fall of Mussolini and his rescue by the Germans there were no longer any fascists. There were the workers in Turin, in Milan, in Genoa, there were the intellectuals who had been silenced and who spoke again, there were the socialists and all the political parties which under fascism had been suppressed and their leaders made plans again and spoke again. All which had been suppressed in Italy was coming to life again. The fascist leaders were in hiding or in flight. The moderate fascists were saying that they were not fascist any more. There was a King and a Marshal—on a day to day basis. There were the Germans and a country that could not carry out its revolution because of the Germans. There was a country faced with extreme and ever increasing danger of destruction by acts of war and German acts of repression. There were the people in the hill towns, in the autumn vineyards, in the lonely mountain villages, meeting, talking, uncertain, unhappy in the market places of the towns, in the ruined villages, in the rubble of the towns. The cemeteries, disturbed or not, the Etruscan cemetery in Tarquinia, the catacombs of Naples and Rome, the Campo Santo in Pisa, the Monumentale in Genoa, the island in Venice, all the cemeteries, with the tombs disarranged or not, were there with the dead. But there were no longer any fascists because there was no longer any fascist organization, any fascist power. Italy stood oppressed by the Germans but fascism which had handed Italy to the Germans was discredited.

These are retrospective remarks looking at Italy in those few days after the surrender and before the Germans produced an appalling parody of de Gaulle who out of personal revenge and personal pride might tell his suffering and defeated compatriots that only a battle was lost and the war must go on. There is fascism again in Italy but now it represents only the cruel revenge of the worst fascist leaders dependent totally on a foreign and hated power. It is worth while to look at Italy during those days when the fascist power collapsed and Italians were alone with their misery.

A climate of misery is not one for fascists. Not when they are responsible for the misery. It is all right when the misery is there before they come and they can say we will take you out of the

misery, we will give you an Empire and all the world. Then it is all right, but it is not all right when the fascists themselves have brought a nation into misery. In the days after the surrender what could they do, what could they look like—proud with daggers—in this landscape of misery? What could they say with their war lost and no peace won? They could only be silent; they could only disappear.

After the surrender the fascists were afraid to meet and when fascists do not meet, when they are not in bands, when they do not have the police they are lonely men with guilt in their hearts and lonely fear. In the days when they set forth from some Casa del Fascio it was in groups that they attacked the lonely, the unprotected, and now each one of them was alone, as each Italian now was unprotected from the war, alone in the war which surrounded him.

Before the surrender the fascists were never alone. It was the prisoner before the fascist tribunal who was alone, and when he was tortured he was alone. The prisoner was alone in his cell and if there were many prisoners in Regina Coeli each prisoner was still alone because he had been taken from his family, from his friends, from the men with whom he worked, from the hunger and the hope he shared with his family, with his friends. If on the islands, if on Lipari there were many prisoners each of them was alone. Appearances are deceptive. It was Croce who was alone in his Naples apartment when he sat in the evening with his family and it looked like a family scene, tranquil with no loneliness there, and his daughter working with him on his books. But he was very lonely; his colleagues did not dare call on him; he was excluded from the life of his city and his country. After the surrender Croce spoke for democracy and he was no longer alone. Now he is silenced. Before the surrender everyone who was not a fascist was alone because everyone who was not a fascist was imprisoned alone with his thoughts and his action.

The arrogant men, the cruel, the grafters, the ambitious were never alone: each one of them wore the insignia which multiplied his power by the power of the group, the party, the state. The cruelty in each man was fortified and implemented by the cruelty of the group. The graft was shared—all graft is shared—the ambitious formed a coalition.

Even Mussolini, guarded, secluded and friendless, never acted save accompanied by the rumor of crowds, never spoke save in a dialogue with the crowds from which he drew his strength, never acted with a courage entirely his own. When after the murder of Matteotti he lost contact with the crowd he nearly fell; when, with the defeat of the war, he lost contact with his followers he fell, almost of his own weight. When, after the death of Arnaldo he wrote the life of his brother, then, and perhaps only then in all that he has said and written—in that moment in which the loss of his brother was as if he had lost also the crowds, the accomplices, as if the interminable dialogue had been interrupted and he was alone—he showed, just for a moment, the qualities in his own heart which he would not heed when he was not alone. And now that he has been freed from captivity he has not returned alone. He has returned with the German army. It is no return from Elba; he has escaped from solitude into the strength and companionship of the foreigner.

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There were no longer any fascists and now that there are fascists again they will no longer lead their country; they will only murder a great number of their compatriots. They are an anachronism in their country. They will never rouse the Italians again to folly. Were it not for the Italians who are about to die because of Mussolini's return one could think unreservedly about Mussolini and the fascists as belonging to the past. What is it that we should remember about them? The thing to remember about them is that they made so many people lonely and unhappy in Italy. The important fact is not that they led Italy into war against us but that they made Italians unhappy. The important thing about fascism is that it is an intolerable state to live within.

What the fascists did abroad is not so important, not so characteristic as what they did at home. Even what they did to the Abyssinians, to the Greeks could have been done by any imperialist government. The soldiers who were sent to Spain could have been sent there by any kind of government just as in the past soldiers were sent into all sorts of countries all over Europe for all sorts of reasons (to support a dynasty, a religion) and the soldiers who went into Albania were there for the same reasons for which soldiers have invaded countries ever since history records the movements of armies. The alliance with Germany had an ideological basis; so have had countless other alliances in the past. The soldiers who attacked France after France had been defeated were acting according to the simplest rules of military opportunity. Ulysses would have approved. Italy's foreign policy has been the classical policy of a nation seeking territorial expansion. There is

nothing new, nothing peculiarly fascist in this policy. It followed a well known type. It failed. It failed because, inevitably, it led Italy into conflict with France, Great Britain and America. Judging it, historians will weigh the forces in presence, discuss the mistakes made in the general plan, the errors in the execution of the plan, but they will not be surprised at the existence of the plan, the nature of the plan—certainly they will not use the word fascism in describing the plan. They will use it to set a date. They will not use it to distinguish the aggressive Italian foreign policy which brought Italy into this war from other aggressive foreign policies which brought other countries into other wars.

Considering the military operations of the Italian war in this light and divesting them of all ideological content we will see more clearly what remains now that they have been concluded successfully against the organized armed forces of the Italian nation. For us what remains are the armed forces of Germany in Italy and the Italian people in Italy: the Italians in Italy prisoners of the Germans who are in Italy—the Italian people in a German concentration camp with Mussolini, now that he has returned, drawing up the list of Italians to be shot.

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The Italians remain. There is nothing that remains for the Italians but their ruined cities and villages, their dead, the cities which are not yet ruined but which will be ruined, the fields still to be fought over, the living who will be killed by German shells, by Allied shells, by Mussolini's firing squads. It is as if the Italians had lost their country entirely, as if they were left only with the dream of a country.

When the war was lost the fascist leader in the little village ran away into the night; the fascist ruler in the capital disappeared. The fascists who were in the party because that was the way they found the country organized when it came time for them to be in the party, the men who were in the party because when they grew up they found the party there for them to enter, the men who joined the party because their friends were in the party, the men who joined the party in order to get a job or an education, in order to become a doctor or a salesman or an engineer—all the common run that made up party membership—took off their insignia, the badge they wore in their buttonhole, hid their black shirts, put their hands in their pockets so that they would not forget and salute, became just Italians again. The fascist intellectuals who—before the defeat—talked about Rome as the center and the rest of the world as the periphery stood in the streets of Rome and they had no theory at all, no words, no eloquence. All those who—before the defeat—had permis-

sion to speak became silent—after the defeat—through fear, through remorse or simply because there was nothing they could say. There was no use even in their recanting.

The fascist system in its collapse had thrown back into the nation all the men of the nation it had absorbed. Just as they were. The criminal who had become a fascist was returned to the nation a criminal; the weak man who had become a fascist was returned to the nation a weak man. Perhaps a little justice intervened during the process. In some places a certain amount of justice may have prevented the return of the criminal to civilian life; a certain amount of contempt may have rendered the return of the time-serving fascist uncomfortable and difficult. But a nation is an organism that can reabsorb almost anything—even emigres after a time—and the Italian nation, after the defeat, after the collapse of fascism, was reabsorbing its fascists—all save the leaders—into the anonymity of national despair.

So that we could look at Italy in those days after surrender with nothing left to stand between us and the Italian people. In the sense that mattered to us there were no more fascists. There were only the people and the Germans. Whatever the people did to assist us in our conflict with the German forces would follow their spontaneous decision, their own courage. There was no one who could give orders to the Italian people.

The Italian people were very tired. They were very disappointed. They longed for peace. In Sicily and wherever our forces landed they submitted with intense relief. Submission meant peace—or they thought it might mean peace. When they could get within our lines it did mean peace, for the offensive was going the other way. Each advance of the Allied forces gave the Italians greater peace. There was less bombing within our lines than outside our lines. Where the Germans occupied Italian territory submission did not bring peace to those who submitted. Only a revolution which would drive out the Germans would bring peace. Only a revolution might save what was left of Italian cities. The Italians wanted to drive the Germans out of Italy so that they might submit entirely to the United Nations.

But when you are very tired perhaps it is not much worse to wait for a bomb than to be shot immediately by a German soldier. When you are very tired and you have no arms and you are in Milan and Turin and Genoa perhaps you feel there is nothing much you can do. Perhaps you feel that you are in an occupied country.

France and the other countries are occupied countries but they are not occupied the way Italy is occupied. They have known their enemy from the start; they fought against their enemy; they were defeated and occupied. The French too are tired. The Poles are tired. The Czechs are tired.

But not for a moment since their defeat and their occupation have the Poles, the Czechs, the French had any but one single hope, one determination: to expel the enemy. They have waited, not passively, for that moment to come. They have prepared for that moment. But the Italians, whether they liked it or not, have been Germany's allies. Whether they wanted the war to end or not they have not been prepared to fight against the Germans. When they surrendered to the United Nations they wanted peace, not war. They wanted to be occupied, possessed by peace. The Italians thought they could drop out of the war; the war has fallen upon them more devastating than before. Only the underground knew that it would be necessary to fight the Germans, and the underground for years had prepared mainly for a struggle against the fascist government. It will take time for the Italian people to realize that their suffering is that of the Poles, the Czechs, the French, the Danes, their hope the common hope of all occupied countries.

That is the way it was before Mussolini's return. If that return was due to negligence on the part of the United Nations they will have much to answer for to the Italians who seek to help them.

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Softly now the night falls over Milan; the ruined streets are dark; there are German patrols in the streets. We want to win the war, we must win the war; it is necessary also for the Italians that we win the war; it will be wonderful and tragic if the men of Milan rise against the Germans; it will be wonderful if there are to be nights again like the Risorgimento nights in Milan. It will be an extraordinary story if once again in the night in all the Italian cities heroes rise against the oppressor and our strength comes in time to back up the nameless men who die on the barricades. But we are asking a great deal.

The night falls quietly over Milan in ruins, over ruined Italy, over the Greeks long dead in Magna Graecia, over the Etruscans, over the Romans, over the Capulets and the Montagues, over Saint Clare, over Othello and the Doges. The night enfolds the island of Torcello and the enormous Byzantine eyes of the Virgin look into the dark church, out over the dark lagoon. We must win the war and we have to call for barricades; but it is impossible not to think of the night falling aloofly over Italy, over the ruins of Italy; it is impossible not to think of the lonely and lost Italians.

In the dark night the streets of Rome are silent; the Tiber passes under the bridge with the gesticulating angels not reflected in its dark waters. The Tiber flows on to Ostia and the sea. We must win the war; but it is not possible for our hearts to be like the relentless river or hold the indifference of the fathomless empty night.

The Damned and the Saved

"It reminded him of the Greek
Drama, where the actors know so
little and the spectators so much."
The Longest Journey.

By Cuthbert Wright

EDWARD MORGAN FORSTER is, practically, an unknown writer in this country (speaking from the standpoint of the bookish month clubs) and not popular in his own land, despite the success of his latest novel, "A Passage to India" (1931) which approached the Anglo-Indian mess through humanity, instead of politics, and made a few people feel that its author was, very probably, the most important living novelist in the English tongue. This has long been the considered opinion of the present writer, who discovered Forster and the Catholic Church within the same year; hence this attempt at evaluation. It is worth noting, however, that the Indian novel was published twelve years ago, was preceded by only four other novels,¹ that Forster has written no other piece of fiction since. One or two of the best among the younger writers, Isherwood, notably, and Cyril Connolly, admire him profoundly, and have written of him well. The one detailed study of his art prior to Professor Trilling's,² Miss Rose Macaulay's "Writings of E. M. Forster," sins through a kind of girlish superficiality. Finally, there is an absurd estimate in George Sampson's "Concise Cambridge History of English Literature," representing Forster as "a shy, unworldly scholar with no strong turn for invention," something which, for anyone who understands what he is driving at in his books, is almost ludicrously misleading.

This was the record and situation when suddenly, last midsummer, there occurred a kind of Forster revival, born of a Knopf-New Directions reprinting of the first four novels, and to one of the finest pieces of literary criticism presented in many a year—Lionel Trilling's "E. M. Forster." Since this is supposed to be an essay on the latter, and not on his commentator, I can only pause long enough to point out the beautiful quality of Mr. Trilling's packed, penetrating little book. Reading it, as Clifton Fadiman observed, is very unsettling to a reviewer since Forster makes so many of

our best American novelists seem like slick athletes childishly expanding their chests and flexing their muscles. "By comparison, they are insufficiently serious though incomparably more solemn." Deprived of the guiding radiance of Mr. Trilling's appraisal, my own tribute to its subject, so long contemplated, would probably have stayed safely in limbo.

As to the reasons for our general neglect of Forster, they remain a little baffling. To say that he is caviar to the multitude is merely using words, and using them like a prig beside. The multitude is not always insensible to good art, or rather there is a strong element of accident, or publicity, in the chance impact of good art upon the many. Kipling's short stories were a *succès fou* in their time, and many of them are, in the highest degree, good art. Henley's poem, "Invictus," in my boyhood *passe-partout* on every bed-room wall, is excellent verse. Beethoven's Emperor Concerto and Schubert's Unfinished Symphony are extremely good music; they are also extremely popular. What the multitude does reject (to use a polite word) almost as soon as they have been thrust down the throat by the Book-of-the-Month Clubs, are the really "big" historical novels, the bogus masterpieces, the highbrow best-sellers which form the subject matter of radio-sermons. Everyone reads them; everyone forgets them a month later; pop! they go down the chute to be found on the shelf a year afterward. The vulgar test of unpopularity breaks down in Forster's case.

The apologist then goes on to explain that Forster employs an unusual and even eccentric technique in his five novels, what Mr. Trilling calls with admiration "a whim of iron." The reader might note the two words, noun and adjective. Whim is not the same as "whimsey," and nothing could be more impassably remote from our author than that revolting mood. Whimsey, if it be made of anything but laughing gas, is composed of a kind of fond, foolish gossamer, and cannot, by any stretch of imagination, be composed of "iron." Mr. Trilling means that Forster has utterly no use for any of the young English instructor's bag of tricks in writing his stories. He delights, on

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¹"Where Angels Fear to Tread" (Knopf); "A Room with a View" (New Directions); "The Longest Journey" (New Directions); "Howard's End" (Knopf).

²"E. M. Forster." Lionel Trilling. New Directions.

the contrary, in a seemingly old-fashioned melodrama, in the unexpected, and has even a boyish fondness for the element of homicide and sudden death. Chapter V of "The Longest Journey" begins: "Gerald died that afternoon." Chapter XVI of "A Room with a View" ends: "The same evening she broke off her engagement." "To accept Forster technically," writes Mr. Trilling, "we have to know that improbability is the guide to life,"—perhaps because improbability is life. But the great reading public delights in improbability and sudden death, to say the least, quite as much as Forster. The barrier of technical incompatibility between author and public, as an argument, also breaks down.

There is a last, and more subtle reason for the neglect of Forster, especially by the *bien pensant* people, the really serious-minded thinkers who only read the best. This reason forms the subject of Mr. Trilling's magisterial opening chapter which is entitled "Forster and the Liberal Imagination," originally published in the *Kenyon Review*. Now it is a matter of record that many of our best writers, and nearly all our pontiffs of literary opinion, consider themselves to be what is called "Liberal." "Liberalism," which has an honorable past, a noisy present, and absolutely no future, as it is now commonly preached, is "a loose body of middle-class thinking which includes such ideas as progress, collectivism and romantic humanitarianism." Forster, himself, was educated in that tradition (mainly by the late Lowes Dickinson) and his five novels are, superficially viewed, documents of the tradition. His whole attack, "the subtlest in modern literature," as Mr. Fadiman writes, seems to concentrate on the social unawareness, the subconscious cruelty of the British middle class. So far, Liberals can travel along with Forster; and, among the fairly infrequent instances where Liberals display humor, they can laugh their heads off before his acid portraits of the Herritons, the Pembrokes, the Rev. Cuthbert Eagars, the old maids in clericals and corsets, Harriet Herriton in "Where Angels Fear to Tread," and Charlotte Bartlett in "A Room with a View." So far, so good. But Liberals are, almost always, absolutists as well; and Forster refuses, after a certain point, to play their everlasting game of Capital against Labor, Fascism *versus* Communism, Good against Evil. The Comic Spirit, which he serves as Ariel did Prospero, has no use for absolutes. I shall have occasion later to mention Forster's unfailing relativity, what Mr. Trilling calls his moral realism, in discussing his morality in general. Here it is enough to remark that his fiction is severely limited to its proper field—that of personal relationships—and, in that field, he refuses to take sides; he sees the players as curiously complicated and mixed, just as Shakespeare did; and balancing delicately on the fence

between, the Comic Spirit in him murmurs: "Wash ye, make yourselves clean," but also adds *sotto voce*: "If you can find the right soap."

Those who understand Forster best may object, at this point, that there is, after all, a barricade running through his novels, with mighty opposites of Good and Evil arrayed on one side and the other. This is perfectly true, though Forster's Good and Evil are not the concepts either of the romantic or the proletarian novelist. With him they are apt to take the form of fertility and sterility, unawareness and integration, life and death. The reader, moreover, must keep all his wits about him in reading Forster, for he is in for many surprises, and the protagonists of these forces sometimes change sides in the middle of this game of sheep and goats, often in the most remarkable manner.

★

The words "sheep" and "goats" just employed are extremely poor ones, since Forster makes it clear that the sheep of bourgeois respectability are often the most hateful of species, whereas the goats sometimes turn out to be the offspring of the gods themselves. This is, perhaps, the most recurrent of the transvaluations in his five novels; it has frequently annoyed his more severe critics, and a little puzzled some of his friends. Rightly understood, it is simply a highly modern and subtle restatement of the Shakespearian truism that human nature is unpredictable and curiously mixed. Retaining the term "sheep" for the so-called "nice" people in Forster's novels, the only people the author really dislikes, the Hollow Men, as Eliot would call them, let us, with the reader's permission, substitute the word "fauns" for the disreputable one "goats." I know that "fauns" has a horrid smack of whimsey, but it will have to do, especially for one, like Forster, who is sensitive to the symbols of Greek mythology. There, your faun was animal from the waist down, which is only another way of saying that he belonged partly to this our earth, but all the rest of him came from Helicon and Mount Olympus. Occasionally, the two kinds of creature will stray into each other's pasture, but your faun, unless he be caught and penned forever in the sheep-fold, will not linger near it very long. On the other hand, your nice, carefully tended sheep (lamb rather, for I am thinking of Caroline and Lucy in the first two books) will wander into the open country of the faun, and will know at long last that there they belong forever. But even then, even in this apparent strife between a Forsterian Good and Ill, the author declines to be an absolutist. "Human nature is unpredictable, and curiously mixed." Thus, in the first novel, "Where Angels Fear to Tread," Gino Carella seems a faun indeed, "a kind of pagan and masculine principle," but fauns too have their faults; they can, on occasion, be

both coarse and odiously cruel.

He is not taken in by that engaging Latin as poor old Santayana was by his Mario in "The Last Puritan." (I can conceive of Forster's disgust with the equivocal values and false moral snobbery of *that* best-seller.) In "A Room with a View," Miss Bartlett, one of those fussy bores he draws so expertly as a force of Evil, is found among the fauns at long last, while Cecil Vyse, the fake humanist and esthete, passes out of the lovely picture of Windy Corner to mingle with the unsaved. In the same exquisite novel, Jamebian, without Henry's awful solemnity over things that don't matter, Mr. Beebe, the really nice clergyman (the Rev. Mr. Eagar is all sheep from the start) is, most apparently, a good faun in sheep's clothing and a Roman collar, yet he changes sides with Miss Bartlett at the end, and opposes Lucy's god-like marriage because he has rather profound feelings against marriage in general. In "Howard's End," a book slightly popular among Liberals because vaguely related to the class-struggle, there is a triumph of this moral transference in the case of Henry Wilcox, the rich, competent, hard-headed business man who marries Margaret, and is seen, at the close, seated above a meadow veritably blooming with buttercups, fauns and beautiful children. This typical Forster shift in character caused the late D. H. Lawrence to reprove the author peevishly for making "a nearly deadly mistake glorifying those business people; business is no good."

Forster derives from no one that I can see, and is unlike anyone writing fiction yesterday or today. Mr. Trilling's mention of Meredith and Henry James as possible roots seems to me the only error in his wonderful book. Meredith and James were both Mandarins or Corinthians in their prose; that is, they stressed not what they had to say (which was often very little) but the manner of saying it. With all their great merits, they often gave off the effect of diffusiveness, affectation and *rococo*. Forster, assuming that he belongs anywhere, belongs to the direct and simplified tradition of Jane Austen and Samuel Butler, a style best known today by the work of Maugham and Ernest Hemingway, though neither has much of Forster's poetry and lucid depth. On the whole, he is faithful to this vernacular tradition in prose, but often, and evidently without effort, he can strike out phrases and passages which any Corinthian from Flaubert to Compton Mackenzie would grunt and strain over, spending long, useless hours to perfect. Take the description of the punkah-man in "A Passage to India," in the scene where the Moslem doctor is being tried for an imaginary attempt at rape on the English girl. "Almost naked, and splendidly formed, he sat on a raised platform near the back, in the middle of the central gangway . . . and he seemed to control

the proceedings. He had the strength and beauty that sometimes come to flower in Indians of low birth. When that strange race nears the dust, and is condemned as untouchable, then nature remembers the physical perfection that she accomplished elsewhere, and throws out a god—not many, but one here and there, to prove to society how little its categories impress her." (In the interim, the girl comes to her senses, knows her hallucination for what it is, and exonerates the prisoner, there is an uproar of derision and rage from Indians and English.) Forster continues: "Victory on this side, defeat on that—complete for one moment was the antithesis. Then life returned to its complexities, person after person struggled out of the room to their various purposes, and before long no one remained on the scene of the fantasy but the beautiful naked god. Unaware that anything unusual had occurred, he continued to pull the cord of his punkah, to gaze at the empty dais and the overturned chairs, and rhythmically to agitate the clouds of descending dust."

Such a prose almost defies analysis. It belongs to the vernacular tradition; one looks in vain for the purple patch, the precious word, but it is replete with poetry, humanity, with a touch of that profound mysticism, not in the air or of the clouds, but rooted deeply in that good earth to which we go in the end.

★

I have left "The Longest Journey" for a word of special discussion, and a brief word too, since the complexity of its motivation makes analysis impossible in this space. "Dismissed as a failure by most of its readers," it is, as Mr. Trilling rightly reminds us, the most brilliant, dramatic and passionate of Forster's works. It is a novel about appearance and reality, and the sinister tragedies that can occur when one takes the first for the second. Rickie Elliot is Forster's contribution, long before the first war, to that rich post-war literature generally dealing with what might be called the Young Man with the Dirty Deal. He is a rich orphan, over-sensitive and slightly deformed, who destroys his integrity by marrying (in the Forsterian sense) a bad woman. In other words, he invests appearance with reality, and all but loses his soul, though in the end, he only loses his life. He is a natural faun who gets involved with some very bad sheep indeed. Forster deliberately holds himself in with Agnes Pembroke till about page 197, more than half-way through the book; then he lets himself go, perhaps a shade too maliciously. Through her, directly or indirectly, Rickie loses the work that he loves, his friends and his child. "He remained conscientious and decent, but the spiritual part of him proceeded towards ruin." Another horrible woman, "but so pleasant too," is Rickie's aunt,

Mrs. Failing, who thinks that to be heroic and interesting is "to snub people, to set them down, to make them feel small." "There are two great things in life," says Rickie before his fall, "truth and kindness. My aunt gives up both for the sake of being funny." This agreeable creature, who would feel perfectly at home in present-day literary society in America, "for the sake of being funny," reveals to Rickie that he has a natural brother whom his delicate soul abhors—Stephen Wonham, a kind of cynical ploughboy, abhorred also by the fastidious Mr. Frank Swinnerton in his "Georgian Scene." He and Stewart Ansell, Rickie's eccentric Cambridge friend, are the two principal "fauns" in the narrative. "There is no formula," writes Forster, "in which we may sum up decent people"—people like Stephen, like George and his father, like Freddy and his mother in "A Room with a View." As regards Stephen, "Ansell saw that it was useless to argue. He looked at the face which was frank, proud and beautiful, if truth is beauty. Of mercy or tact such a face knew little. It might be coarse, but it had in it nothing vulgar or wantonly cruel." In a terrific knockout scene, a little comparable to the bathing episode in "A Room with a View," but more thrilling, Ansell denounces Rickie and his wife for their treatment of this faun before a room of schoolboys assembled for grace before Sunday dinner. Rickie leaves his wife, and devotes himself to his brother, but he has taken the wrong turning in the longest journey; the milk of human kindness has been spilled, and the damage done. Only in Stephen's child, reared in his beloved Wiltshire countryside does the necessary continuity of tragic life go on.

★

No essay on an important writer is complete in these days without an attempt to answer the usual and ultimate Anglo-Saxon demand: just what does the author mean? And, above all, what is his moral? I would not say, with some critics, that the moral of Forster is that there is none, because I do not believe that. Other critics, notably Compton Mackenzie, in a short survey of the contemporary novel, and Mr. Montgomery Belgion, in T. S. Eliot's *New Criterion*, have literally demanded: "What are Mr. Forster's values?" Mr. Mackenzie, if I recall, decided that, whatever they were, they did not concern him, and Mr. Belgion (whom I take to be another Catholic) answering his own question, decided that the values were those of Satan. ("The Diabolism of E. M. Forster." *Montgomery Belgion. New Criterion.*) The same charge has been brought against the French writer, André Gide, by a third Catholic critic, Henri Massis; and, in so far as Forster is concerned, I shall try to tell all these good Christian people what, in my opinion, Forster's principal values are.

He is a better moralist than Gide because more social-minded, by which I do not mean sociological. He can sometimes be as elusive as Gide, but he is more honest. He does not attempt to paint a kind of ambiguous halo over the vices of the body; what he does do is to attack, quite unequivocally, the vices of the heart. In "Where Angels Fear to Tread," Gino's cruelty is the result of passion, not of principle and will, and the book ends in beautiful reconciliations between Sawston and Italy. To put it a little differently, Forster stands where Dante stood in the Fourth Canto of the *Inferno*, and decides that such things as lust and anger are the sins of men, whereas spiritual pride and envy are the sins of devils—and the latter are found more often in the back-gardens of Sawston, corseted and tail-coated, than on the ramparts of Monteriano. Finally, neither Christianity, nor the philosophy of E. M. Forster, was ever intended as a social panacea, or a short-cut to the World of the Future. Not by asceticism, any more than by self-indulgence, above all, not by the everlasting mania of judging everything and everybody except ourselves, do we save ourselves. So far as I know, Forster has never mentioned Christ in print, but there are important elements in his philosophy that are strikingly close to His gospel—the Mote and the Beam saying, the Pharisee and the Publican story, the commending of the children of this world over the children of light. Forster's children of light are pretentious and depressing beings, all the time convinced that they are the salt of the earth, while the children of this world, like Stephen, Lucy, Caroline Abbott, are already potential inhabitants of another planet, inheritors of heaven.

As for those children of light, the Herbert Pembroke and Mrs. Failings, they belong to the vast army of people who have either never heard of Forster, or who put him aside after reading a page or two. ("At this point, Mr. Pembroke had scrawled with a blue pencil: 'Childish. One reads no further.'") Phonies have not applauded him, or like the Liberals, they have ignored him because, as a rule, such people do not care to be reminded of their phoniness. For them he can be, in his subtle fashion, a terrible satirist, just as he can be for the acquisitive people—acquisitive of money, power, friendship, the last of which they inevitably abuse and defile. But remember that Forster is not supernatural-minded which is probably what annoys the powerful mystic minds of Mr. Montgomery Belgion and Mr. Compton Mackenzie. His repudiation of absolutes will always keep him just this side of the awful evangelical sentence: "I was ahungered, and ye gave me nought. . . . Depart from me, accursed, into aeonial fire."

Sometimes I have tested my own behavior by what I can glean of his philosophy, and the test

never fails. It is when we are most deeply engulfed in self-respect and self-esteem that he can teach us most. But he has no touchstone formula to serve on any occasion unless it be—"don't pretend." Outside the precepts of the Catholic Church, that is formula enough for at least one of his readers. For this most important and uplifted of non-Catholic writers, the eternal jig-saw of Good against Bad remains suspended and unsolved; others abide that question; thou art free!

For Canada's Veterans

By J. B. LANCTOT

CANADA'S undeveloped land resources have a place of paramount importance in her post-war reconstruction plans. The Dominion bases her new program on her experience in settling demobilized soldiers on the land after the last war and her efforts to alleviate unemployment by resettlement in the 1930's. That there is considerable experience to go on is indicated in the following figures: 25,000 veterans were settled on the land by the Soldier-Settlement Act (1917-1919), while 10,000 unemployed families returned to the land in 1932 and following.

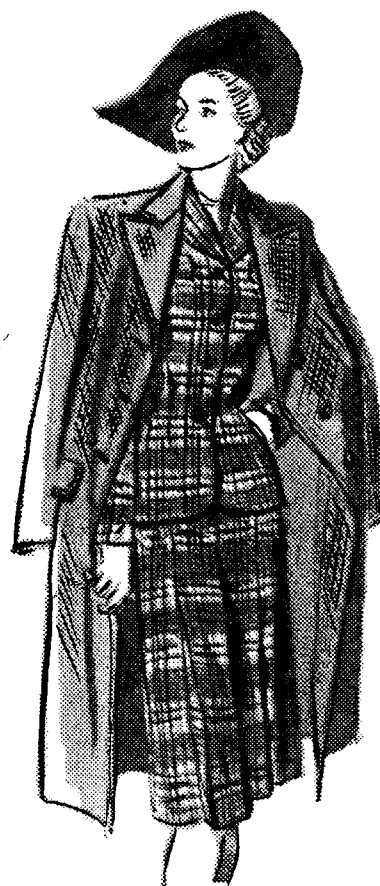
It has been a rather checkered experience. More than half of the veterans ultimately became unable to meet their payments of interest or principal on these government loans. Yet \$65,640,518 of the original outlay of \$109,085,320 has been recovered and another thirty millions is recoverable. Average expenditure per veteran has been \$1,600—only \$80 per year.

Of the relief families settled on subsistence homesteads in the thirties, less than one quarter had failed or abandoned their farms for any reason up until the new employment opportunities offered by this war. The cost of land clearing aids and other special assistance brought the government expense up to \$1,600 per family. This means an average of \$400 per year as compared with the \$800 required by Canadian families on city relief.

The repayable loan basis, providing capital to purchase developed farms, of the Soldier Settlement Act was supplanted in the 1932 relief acts by grants-in-aid to enable unemployed families to develop pioneer farms or low-cost semi-improved properties. The veterans' resettlement program after the last war ran into a number of difficulties. There was no trained staff to guide land settlement operations. Because of land inflation farms and equipment were purchased for returning soldiers at prices from 120 to 150 per cent above their true value. The 5 per cent interest rate proved to be too high. And 70 per cent of these projects were located in western Canada where a one-crop system of farming prevailed. This meant that many fell victim to drought and chaotic market conditions.

Steps taken to overcome these difficulties included: consolidation of loans; cancellation of interest charges for certain periods or to meet extreme situations; revaluation of land; a 30 per cent horizontal reduction in debt in 1930; a bonus system of loan repayments provided property taxes were fully paid up (thus \$2.00 credit was given

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The relief acts for 1932 and subsequent depression years were intended only to provide subsistence to relief families able and willing to return to the land. A number of useful measures have been taken to further these projects. Definite soils classification reports indicate the fertility of each farm unit. Prospective settler families are thoroughly investigated especially as to their farming qualifications. Leadership by a trained personnel gives increasing attention to sociological as well as economic factors in making a go of a return to the land.

An effort has been made to inculcate in these new pioneer communities a solid philosophy of rural life. Families are encouraged individually and in groups to utilize state aid to achieve for themselves some measure of security. They are encouraged to form study clubs and such self-help agencies as consumer and producer cooperatives.

All this recent Canadian land settlement experience is reflected in the Veterans' Land Act—1942, which provides for the rehabilitation on the land of demobilized veterans of Canada's armed forces. The Act itself is the result of thorough investigation by a special committee of the Canadian House of Commons facilitated by the preliminary work of a number of sub-committees, each dealing with a specific phase of land settlement.

Here are the basic financial features of the Act:

1. Each veteran must pay in cash 10 per cent of the cost of the land and improvements (maximum \$3,600) so that he may have a personal stake in the enterprise.
2. The total loan from the government must not exceed 2/3 of the cost of the land and improvements; repayment contracts extend over 25 years with interest at 3½ per cent per annum.
3. A conditional grant equal to 1/3 of the cost of the land and improvements plus the cost of stock and equipment up to a maximum of \$1,200, will be made to each soldier settler fully complying with the terms of his agreement during a period of 10 years.

According to these provisions a typical 160-acre place in a mixed farming region would cost a returning veteran a down payment of \$360. He would repay the Dominion in full in 25 years at a rate of \$145.62 per year. If he succeeds in maintaining faithfully the terms of his agreement for the first 10 years he is thereby entitled to a conditional government grant of \$2,040. These figures would be modified proportionately for the smaller type farms which are contemplated where subsistence homesteading is combined with fishing or part time factory employment.

The Stage, & Screen

Laugh Time

AS THE PRODUCERS, Small & Finkelhoffe, frankly call their piece currently being presented at the Shubert Theater "A Vaudeville Show," there is very little point in not discussing it as such, or in wondering at the

fact that it looks like a hit. Comprised of eight acts including such names as Ethel Waters, Frank Fay, Buck & Bubbles, and Bert Wheeler; with an orchestra setting the pace under the direction of Lou Forman; and most of all, with no girls "going to Jerusalem" in between everything else, the show is a good deal of fun and worth, I think, a trip to 44th Street. Certainly, credit for the evening must go to the producers for having assembled a number of the greatest stylists in the business at the right hand of Frank Fay (M. C. as usual).

It is no secret that the stage artist without a play must possess a degree of skill and personality often overlooked by the exigencies of a casting director; and since the disappearance of Vaudeville from our midst, many of the greatest specialists have been lost to the side streets, styx, and starvation, of course. Hamlet himself in his direction to "Let those that play your clowns speak no more than is set down for them" really covered only one half the picture: he forgot to enumerate the excellence of the zanies when nothing is set down for them at all. And of course, this is a quotation from a play. That Wheeler with his endless sandwich and Fay with his horrific gear have excellence, there is no question. And that the team of Buck & Bubbles—piano and dance—is a unique, especial and delighting one, is only old-hat repetition. As for Miss Waters, it is enough for most of the public that she is around; although I found myself wishing that she had not, in the tradition, tried Hollywood at all. At this point, she seems to be giving a performance of herself rather than singing, and I found myself constantly diverted in looking about for the camera at which she seemed to be pointed. Just now, when we are so sated with one-dimensional playing—symptomatic of the movies and radio—it would be nice if she would become generous again, and simply *give*.

Getting down to the exactitudes of the evening, I wish the producers would dismiss completely the only vulgar interlude—that of the contortionist entangling Mr. Wheeler; and that they would ring in another act in the second part of the program when the fun begins preceptibly to wear. As a matter of fact, since they have done "A Vaudeville Show" I can see little to persuade them to keep it static, or to prevent them from improving it as they run. This would certainly be all to the good; but "Laugh Time" is good anyway. (*At the Shubert.*)

My Dear Public

I'M SORRY. A lemon. And a lemon which appears to be just as difficult for the cast to take as it is for the public, since I have never seen a more annoyed performance. In any case, a musical show with an incomprehensible book, no tunes but interminable lyrics, and much dancing but no dancers. Albert Johnson contributes one good backdrop, Willie Howard works hard, and Rose Brown in a song called "Color Line" certainly received the acclaim of the house. The idea of this number—our ubiquitous race prejudice—is a good and daring one, I think; but I thought the song itself poor, and the vulgarity of the costume foisted upon poor Miss Brown unquestionable. (*At the Forty-Sixth Street.*) KAPPO PHELAN.

Watch!

"WATCH ON THE RHINE" is one of the most provocative pictures to be made on the themes of the war. Although not an action film with actual scenes of fighting, it is stirring for its emotional appeal, its moving characterizations and its strong argument. Lillian Hellman has added several scenes to her original play to which Dashiell Hammett was faithful in writing his screenplay. Hal B. Wallis has been fortunate in obtaining for his excellent movie production many of the original stage cast as well as two of Hollywood's most talented actresses: Bette Davis and Geraldine Fitzgerald.

In 1940, Sara Muller returns after 17 years abroad to her family's house outside of Washington. She brings Kurt, her husband, who is "wanted" in Germany because he is an anti-fascist underground agent, and her three children. The home-coming is extremely moving. The wealthy American Farrellys do not understand the tired but defiant German Mullers who in turn cannot grasp the luxury of freedom and isolation that still prevails in America. There is touchiness on both sides. Sara's mother, a spoiled dowager type, says: "We too are anti-fascist." Sara, knowing the terrors of the concentration camps through which her husband has been, replies forcefully: "Yes, but Kurt works at it." Estrangement wears off; both sides adjust themselves. Then comes the moment when Kurt must return to Germany to continue his work. Sara steels herself, gives her approval although she knows her beloved husband may never return. At this point, a guest in the Farrelly house, an impecunious Roumanian Count who "sells things" but has had nothing to sell for some time, blackmails the Farrellys by threatening to tell the Germans what he has learned about Kurt. When Kurt kills the Count, the Farrellys line up with Kurt, allow him to escape.

If Herman Shumlin had not directed this plot so well, had not demanded superb performances from his players, the whole might have sunk to cheap melodrama. As it is, the romance between Sara's brother (Donald Woods) and the Count's wife (Geraldine Fitzgerald) is an extraneous bit of purple that has no place in this idealistic story. However both actors portray the characters without even a touch of ham. And it is greatly to George Coulouris's credit that he handles the role of the viperish Roumanian opportunist without a sneer that would have made the role ridiculous. I found Lucile Watson's overacting as the dominating matriarch somewhat trying, but perhaps the film needed this thick portrayal to make her later conversion convincing. Eric Roberts as Sara's youngest child was as obnoxious and overdone in the movie as he was on the stage. In the difficult role of Sara, Miss Davis is splendid. At first dowdy and weary, she rises to great heights as the brave wife and mother who suffers as she sacrifices her husband and sons but who never sways from her path of duty. Paul Lukas' performance cannot be praised too highly. At all times he is a symbol of high minded character, of a man who is downtrodden but will never surrender in his fight against oppression. When he returns to the living room to face the family after shooting the Count, he does not defend murder, he humbly explains

why his war against fascism had to be waged even in this well-run American household.

Some audiences will find the theme of "Watch on the Rhine" somewhat dated because American standoffishness has melted a great deal since 1940. Perhaps our isolationism and unawareness have almost disappeared in the past two years, but this sincere film still serves a purpose in its reiteration. And if such a noble figure of a man as Kurt Muller tends to clarify what we are fighting for, "Watch on the Rhine" serves a great purpose indeed.

★

Fred Astaire films are wisely spaced far enough apart so that one never tires of this inimitable star. In his new opus Fred seems as fresh and gay as he did years ago when movie-goers were discovering him for the first time. The plot of "*The Sky's the Limit*" is no great shakes, but David Hempstead has given the film a good production and Edward H. Griffith has directed with a fast pace and a light touch. Fred is surrounded by a good cast who are enjoying the whole thing as much as he is. Not that the entire movie is all escapist cream puff; it has its war-related angle, but this is not to be taken seriously. Fred is a Flying Tiger being feted in a big way in United States. Tiring of all the publicity and fuss when on a ten-day holiday, he ditches his flier-companions, takes on civilian clothes, goes to New York for a spree, spends most of his leave chasing a girl, then spends the few remaining days in running away from the girl when she starts chasing him. Except for a few tiresome moments when Fred is too persistent in his suit, this is all very sprightly. Astaire dances in top form. Joan Leslie follows his lead very well; and if she is not his best dancing partner, she certainly is one of the most youthfully gay and unassuming of his long series of girls. Joan, as a candid-camera photographer on a magazine called "Eyeful," is kept rather busy not only running from Fred, but from her boss. As this second suitor Robert Benchley shows again what an excellent comedian he is. The scene in which Bob and Fred discuss the girl over a game of gin rummy is good fun; Bob has a later scene in which he introduces an airplane tycoon and explains production methods, manpower

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hours and comparative metals in a droll, confused manner that should roll audiences in the aisles. Although this musical film has only three songs, each one of the three (lyrics by Johnny Mercer; music by Harold Arlen) is a potential hit-parade item. The dances created and staged by Fred Astaire are first-rate entertainment, especially the love duet done to "Shining Hour" and Fred's solo number, "One for the Road," which he dances as he tries to drink and forget. "The Sky's the Limit" succeeds in doing what it sets out to do: supply you with an hour-and-a-half's refreshing entertainment.

PHILIP T. HARTUNG.

Editors' Choice

HISTORY OF BIGOTRY IN THE UNITED STATES. *Gustavus Myers. Random. \$3.50.*

THE AMERICAN LAND. *William R. Van Dersal. Oxford. \$3.75.*

THE BEST AMERICAN SHORT STORIES—1943. *Edited by Martha Foley. Houghton. \$2.75.*

Maria Monk and the Protocols

THE LATE Gustavus Myers was an historian to whom we all owe a deep debt of gratitude; he blazed fresh trails through the jungle of our past, pulling us away from complacency and lazy optimism. His "History of the Great American Fortunes" did as much as anything else to make us wonder about the Horatio Alger myth, to make us question the accepted notion that riches are a reward of goodness, and that there is something morally reprehensible about poverty. Before he died, he had completed another work which seems equally important, a concentrated volume of almost 500 pages devoted to the ramifications of bigotry in our country since the first arrival of the Virginia and Massachusetts settlers.

The theme of the "History of Bigotry in the United States" is simple and realistic; it is one to discourage those who hope for the millenium. It is this: the spirit of bigotry is one of the constants in human society; it is a sort of never-dying potential, which can break out into flames and sparks of action at almost any moment, and the battle against which is endless. "The series of historic events show that outbreaks have repeatedly occurred in times of peace, and it is with this precautionary knowledge that every effort must be made to check or diminish the sway of bigotry both in individual attitude and organized form." Thus, with the turgidity habitual to him, does Mr. Myers conclude.

For it is a regrettable fact that our author butchered the English language. He wrote with a meat cleaver and a bludgeon, and one almost suspects that he deliberately avoided vividness and niceness of expression for fear such might gnaw away at his objectivity and make him seem a partial witness. In any case, reading his book gives no esthetic joy, however greatly it may contribute to your store of knowledge and understanding. The latter it will certainly do. This "History" is literally jammed and packed with fact, like a turkey stuffed for Thanksgiving, and it is equally indigestible if taken in large doses. No matter. Here is a fine, useful book, and what is said of its style is more by way of warning, so that you will

not get discouraged as you go along, than by way of criticism.

The Myers concept of bigotry is strict. It applies only to persecution for religious or intellectual reasons. Thus it deliberately eschews race and makes little or no mention of the Negro or the Oriental or the American Indian. Yet perforce the lines cannot be kept absolutely intact. Anti-Semitism and anti-Catholicism have more than religious bases. The Know-Nothings hated the Irish and the immigrants because they were foreigners as well as because they were Catholics; Christian Front antipathy to Jews made little distinction (any more than Hitler made distinction) between those who went to the Synagogue and those who went to a Christian church. Yet for the sake of tightness, Mr. Myers wisely did not go into such questions, and limited himself to instances where religious faith at least plays some part, on one side or the other. Thus he covers "blue" laws, popular agitation against the Quakers, Catholics, Mormons, Masons, Jews, Christian Scientists, and campaigns conducted for religious reason against others by Protestants and Jehovah's Witnesses. He probes back into Europe for the origins and shows how successive migrants to our shores brought their prejudices with them. Indeed the great moral of his book is the continuity of bigotry. Once its seed is sown, you cannot pull up the plant and think you are rid of it. You cannot kill Maria Monk or the Protocols of the Elders of Zion by showing them to be fakes. They live on, and are resurrected long after the immediate purposes their authors had in mind are dust, and long after they have been refuted to the satisfaction of all fair-minded men. They live on physically, in attics and the backs of bureau drawers; they live on spiritually in the minds of men and women who read them long ago, in childhood or in youth.

Bigotry, then, remains ever a living thing, ready to sprout up once more. Of course in the United States Catholics have suffered from its cruelty perhaps more, certainly longer and on a larger scale, than any other group. Hence Catholics especially should read this book. They should read it to appreciate their present good fortune as compared to their lot in the past, and they should read it to become aware how they themselves can turn into bigots, can, in the name of Christianity, cease to be Christians. They will learn much that they have forgotten. They will learn that true religious freedom is a more recent achievement than they might imagine. And above all they—and all the persecuted—will learn that so far no wave of hate in the United States has carried the day. There has been a decent if normally quiet body of citizens who, when the time came, would not be swayed, who provided champions for the maligned, and stopped short in its tracks the wolf of persecution. This may be small comfort for those who have been the wolf's victims, yet it is great comfort and hope for the vast majority of us all, who have not. And it is no minor tribute to the temper of the broad mass of the American people—Catholic, Jew, Protestant.

Red Clay and Black Velvet

PATRONS of deluxe supermarkets may have some idea of the profusion of fruits, fibers, nuts, grains and vegetables produced in the United States, but for the average citizen such knowledge is startling at first. That is, if he is not a denizen of Southern California, where even the

most exotic products seem to be a commonplace. Mr. Van Dersal's handsomely illustrated "The American Land," with its implicit emphasis on variety and abundance, thereby points to the poetic injustice of one-crop farming in this bountiful land of ours.

The author has a lot of fun trying to figure out where each American crop originated and for the general reader that game becomes a bit tiresome after a while. But Mr. Van Dersal's disclosures on the way nature brings certain crops to maturity will catch the fancy of many an ignorant city reader. Corn, for instance, comes from the union of the male pollen of the tassel at the top of the plant and the female young kernels. As this pollen is carried by the wind to the corn silk, it makes the production of hybrid corn simply a matter of planting hills of different varieties of corn in the same field. The Smyrna fig, now produced in large quantities in California, requires a tiny wasp to pollinate its flowers and therefore capri-figs in which the wasp "has to live a part of his life" have to be present in some numbers. Filbert nut trees which are grown in abundance on the Pacific Coast, "bear long catkins in the spring, from which the pollen grows to fertilize the female flowers whence come the filberts."

On the more sociological side are the author's remarks about conservation. It is alarming that we graze 17,000,000 head of cattle on lands which can properly sustain only 11,000,000. And the facts of erosion, dust bowls and soil exhaustion are well known. The remedies for thoughtless exploitation of our forests and soil resources are graphically presented here in word and half-tone. All in all an attractively informative if unliterary compendium, that bears further witness to America's potential strength.

Pearls of All Prices

IRVIN COBB once described the type of story that appears in the *New Yorker* and other toney magazines as "No beginning, no end, and a little incest in the middle." Martha Foley, who now wears the mantle of the late Edward J. O'Brien, has just published her second collection, "The Best American Short Stories—1943," and we can truthfully report that the beginnings and ends of some of them are not quite as sharp as a razor, but not a smidgeon of incest could we discover. In fact, we rather liked Miss Foley's current bouquet.

It is only fair to admit that a friend of ours read the book and found the whole thing quite depressing, but frankly, we're inclined to think our friend is too easily depressed. True, not many of the stories could qualify as light, cheerful reading, and a few, such as John Cheever's "The Pleasures of Solitude," leave a slightly bad, musty taste in the mouth, but even Mr. Cheever's effort has a solid point to it and is well turned out, and after all, life is no bed of roses, or at least didn't seem to be last time we looked.

Of course, in any collection of modern short stories there will be a sprinkling, and more often a shovelful, of yarns by writers whose view of life is about as bleak and empty as an old gasoline can on the Libyan desert. But what surprised us about "The Best American Short Stories—1943" was that there were so many in which the good old emotions and the good old virtues were definitely entrenched and doing all right.

We haven't read much of William Faulkner since the gruesome days of "Sanctuary" and the utterly mad days of "The Sound and the Fury," but certainly we would

never have believed then that he could write a story as unashamedly beautiful and inspiring as "The Bear." And Kay Boyle's "Frenchman's Ship" is all for love, hope and courage; Irwin Shaw's "Preach on the Dusty Roads" hammers home the idea that we all share, if only by sins of omission, in the guilt of this terrible war; Saroyan is around again with his kindly bartenders and starry-eyed juveniles in a concoction called "Knife-like, Flower-like, Like Nothing At All in the World." (Does Saroyan have a full-time paid assistant thinking up titles?) And all of these are good stories to boot.

But we haven't even mentioned the most wonderful story in the book, or any other such book in our memory, which in itself is worth several times the price of admission: "The Little Black Boys" by Clara Laidlaw. This is the first fiction ever published by Miss Laidlaw (it appeared last December in *Atlantic Monthly*), but if she never publishes another word in her whole life, she will still be a great writer in our estimation, and probably get into Heaven as well, on the strength of this one story alone. It is not only an extremely beautiful and moving thing on any standard, but it says more about charity and immortality, and says it more powerfully, than any odd carload of sermons we can remember offhand.

Miss Foley has included 30 entrants in her 1943 handi-cap. We pick Clara Laidlaw to win, William Faulkner to place, and James Thurber to show with a slick and uproarious bit of *New Yorker* comedy called "The Catbird Seat." Some of the others we haven't mentioned are not so good, some fair, some a deal better than fair. Our own Jesse Stuart has a nice number, "Dawn of a Remembered Spring," but we believe his "Spring Victory" (COMMONWEAL, November 20, 1942) is a superior piece of writing in every way. Judging from her list in the index, however, Miss Foley doesn't even realize THE COMMONWEAL prints short stories. Miss Frisby, take a letter to Miss Foley.

More Books of the Week

Reflections on the Revolution of Our Time. Harold J. Laski. Viking. \$3.50.

HAROLD LASKI deserves to be heard in the present debate. The quality of his many writings and the breadth of his reputation demand attention. He is one of those rare Englishmen who knows America well, having lived and taught here for many years. The present volume is a splendid introduction to his thinking, as it is a synthesis of his views.

The burden of his message is urgent: our plans for the post-war world must be made while the struggle is in progress. He vehemently rejects the prevalent opinion that vital issues must be postponed till the dawn of peace, for then the compulsions which have made our unity will be removed and the deeper contradictions which precipitated the crisis will be more sharply drawn. Now it is possible to have a revolution by consent. If we do not seize the opportunity the alternative is a revolution by violence, in which democracy and freedom will be the first victims. We must pass from an economy of scarcity to an economy of abundance and this is impossible within the framework of the productive relations which capitalism imposes. Capitalism and democracy have always been antithetical, but they have been harnessed together by an expanding economy and by the cement of nationalism. Now that our economy is necessarily shrinking, nationalism

alone will not preserve democracy, but will lead to that counter-revolution that was developed in Germany. Democracy is possible only when men hold the great ends of life in common, and this will be impossible in a post-war capitalism that cannot provide for the essential welfare of the masses. Hence the only hope of avoiding social upheaval is to institute now a planned economy in which the state will seize and operate at least the four vital instruments of production for the benefit of all: the supply of credit and capital; the land; import and export trade; and transport, fuel and power.

These positions are argued with a logical power and a cogency of analysis that demand thoughtful consideration. Whatever degree of acceptance might be given his premises, all must admit that Professor Laski has not produced another vague utopian fantasy labeled as a post-war plan. Nor does he hesitate to pass judgment on the leadership of the United Nations. He admires Churchill, but considers him to be as blind to "the vast impersonal forces" behind this war as "Burke was to the nature of the French Revolution." The Prime Minister's thinking "is set by the old world that is dying rather than the new world that is struggling to be born." Nor are the present leaders of the Labor Party adequate in the crisis. Mr. Roosevelt is highly respected, but Laski fears that the reactionary forces are strong enough in America to defeat the modest social advances of the New Deal. He explores the Russian Revolution with keen insight, and as an orthodox Socialist believes that it points the way to the future; but he views Stalin and his associates as profoundly corrupted by the exercise of absolute power, and does not seek to defend either the range nor the intensity of the Soviet dictatorship.

Mr. Laski rejects decisively the prevailing "Vansittartism," the doctrine that the German people are born with a double dose of original sin. "It is tempting, but it is also foolish, to find the explanation (for Hitler) in the national character of the German people. They like, we are told, to be ruled; they instinctively accept the dominating hand; they are made for the habit of obedience. But explanations of this kind are too near to that which explains why clocks go by the principle of horology to be satisfactory. . . . The idea of innate and unchangeable characteristics in a people is an unscientific piece of unedifying mythology. To attribute the power of Hitler to innate dispositions in Germans which distinguish them from all other species of the human kind is not only completely irrational, but is to prevent the consideration of other factors which reduce the problem to intelligible proportions." Accordingly, he disapproves of the plan to keep Germany down by organized terrorism, the scheme to dismantle German industry and the policy that would break the Reich into smaller states. His objections should be pondered carefully, for it is difficult to refute his logic.

This volume has the weakness of other Laski productions: the author's rigid economic determinism. The basis of each argument is an assumption such as, "The values of a civilization are always set by the proportion between its productive forces and its productions relations"; and these dicta clash rather sharply with such phrases as "the struggle for the soul of a people," "the moral crisis of our times," "the quest for beauty and truth." In keeping with his philosophy, he denies that religion has any relevance in the modern world as its foundations have been proved untenable by historical criticism. Despite fundamental opposition, this book should be read by thoughtful Catholics who are conscious of their obligation to the future.

JOSEPH N. MOODY.

White Shore of Olinda. Sylvia Leao. Vanguard. \$2.50.

A HUMAN story beautifully told. Sylvia Leão's book may blaze a sorely needed trail, being the work of a Brazilian about her own people, yet written in English prose and style. There is nothing regionalistic about it, nor is any previous knowledge of the locale required for its enjoyment. For this very reason it seems a pity that the reader is distracted by the apparently unnecessary use of so many Portuguese words. Happiness, for example, seems to me to be quite as adequate as "alegria."

Gervasio and Marilia are flesh and blood persons of universal appeal. Gervasio, the gay, the strong, the irrepressible fisherman, whose passionate nature is tempered by a little learning gleaned from a wise old priest. "I can think," says Gervasio again and again, "and when I think, no harm can come to me." Gervasio will not drink himself into a stupor, will not become entangled in a senseless brawl, because he has learned to reason. The author shows remarkable skill in portraying his mental processes.

Marilia, the lace-maker, reserved and dignified, is pitied by the townsfolk because of an ugly scar on her cheek, but is loved by Gervasio who has understood her sensitive and delicate nature. They are wed, and the dignity of their concept of marriage is uplifting.

Childlessness is the only cloud that mars their happiness, but when Marilia finally despairs, Raul, the poet, points to the artistry of her fingers: "When you twist your 'bilros,' you weave a landscape with thread, you make a poem. And the creation of your soul lives on. Maker of beauty that you are, Marilia, you give birth to the children of stars in your lace. Children of stars are conceived in beauty, born in beauty. Do you understand, Marilia? . . . You live near the sand, with a man of the sea that has been nursed by the brute strength of the waves. But I say to you, Marilia, I cherish the beauty in your soul, the beauty you do not even know is born of you each time your fingers create a thing of joy. You should never darken your eyes with tears, Marilia. Laugh, always. For as long as your fingers are alive, alive within you, too, is a child of beauty no other woman can bring into this earth of Brazil."

Thereafter, Marilia weaves poems contentedly with her needle and Gervasio understands and rejoices in her art, but the unrequited passion of Florabella for Gervasio brings grief to them. Sylvia Leão shows great dramatic ability and restraint in the use of her material. She even succeeds in achieving a surprise ending.

There is beauty in the pattern and in the telling, and there is beauty in the underlying philosophy. The background is of biblical simplicity: poverty redeemed by the quality of man's soul. The peaceful shores of Olinda blend happily in one's memory with Marilia's snow-white lace waving like a faerie sail from Gervasio's gallant little craft.

LULÚ VARGAS VILA.

In the Days of Thy Youth. Mary Britton Miller. Scribners. \$2.75.

MISS MILLER'S title can be deceptive, for her novel of the gilded age in Springfield, Massachusetts, and at the shore near New London ignores the memorable first half of the scriptural sentence. Granted that the story centers about the five Marshall children and that texts glide unctuously from the lips of Aunt Sarah, Uncle Augustus, or Miss Rogers, there is still little religion in the upbringing of the orphans. Amusement is certainly the prime purpose of this novel.

The satire on the purse-proud, family-proud aristocracy of the 1880's and 1890's is entertaining reading, not too exacting, not too subtle for hot days in September. Miss Miller has evidently enjoyed her chance to preserve in caricature the Russells and the Arnolds, who esteemed themselves as little lower than the Vanderbilts. "Couldn't say they were as rich as all that; but colorful, a colorful lot and one couldn't help being proud of them," Augustus muses once. "Horatio . . . took as much pride in his family as the old parson had taken in God and the beautiful reaches of the Connecticut Valley, and when you came right down to it wasn't love of God and love of family the same kind of thing anyway?" Caught thus in character, we find a full album of static types. Only a few have the reality of Grandmamma Arnold.

Even the children, growing up, are arrested personalities. No wonder, we may agree, considering their environment. So far as the novel is a sympathetic and often beautiful study of childhood, it is also a demonstration of how four children become and stay maladjusted. Little Gus is the exception. The prolonged *enfant-terribles* of the twins is hard to credit. Whether their semi-mystical perception of identity rings true, those critics who are themselves identical twins will have to say.

OLIVE R. WHITE.

India's Problem Can Be Solved. De Witt Mackenzie. Doubleday. \$3.00.

THOUGH this is not a particularly profound book, it has considerable value for the general reader because of having been written by a competent journalist who has been visiting India from time to time during the past thirty years and who has met and discussed Indian affairs with most of the leaders on both sides. Mr. Mackenzie is aware of the complexities of the problem and tries to hold the scales even. One wonders, however, whether he fully realizes the significance of the fact he points out—that India is a country of 700,000 villages and that those villages contain ninety per cent of the population. This means that many of these isolated and illiterate millions have not so much as heard of Gandhi and that, even of those who have heard of him, most of them think of him as a spiritual leader without in the least understanding his politics. It is not too much to say that the demand for independence is made by a relatively small minority, most of whose leaders have been educated in England and all of whom have derived their ideas from English liberalism. The concept of nationality is not native to India at all; what is native is the concept of culture. And the Hindu culture has at its very core the stumbling block of caste.

Mr. Mackenzie is of course quite correct in saying that the settlement of the Indian question is immensely important, not only to India and Great Britain, but to the cause of the United Nations. But he does not have a very convincing solution to offer. He has a "hunch" that Mr. Jinnah, the Moslem leader, might be willing to compromise; and he has accepted the idea suggested by Sir Tej Bahadur Sapru, among others, that the British Government should arbitrarily impose an interim constitution for the duration of the war. He believes that even the Congress Party might welcome this, and with more plausibility says that the Cripps mission failed because in the spring of 1942 the Indian leaders all thought that England was on the losing side. He holds that an agreement—

Gilbert Keith CHESTERTON

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He fought for the glory of being alive, for freedom and responsibility, for the normal man, and for the family as the centre of normal life. He fought uproariously and immoderately: "Moderation," he said, "is no virtue in battle. You cannot be moderate with a battle-axe."

Men loved Chesterton who did not love one another. The book is full of his contacts with them and their memories of him and the letters they wrote to him, making a kind of Boswell Collective. The letters of Bernard Shaw reveal an incredibly attractive Shaw, not at all the Shaw the public thinks it knows.

Gilbert Chesterton wrote, he lectured, he edited a fighting weekly, he joined the Catholic Church, he became one of the leading radio voices of England. Wit had never been used so brilliantly on the side of orthodoxy. Because he was witty, wit flows in this book like water.

If you want Chesterton, here he is.

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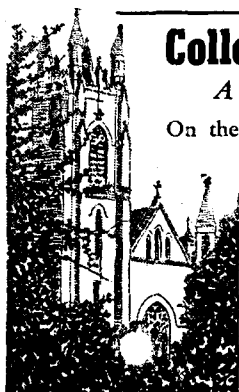
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which would have to be a compromise—would be possible if the question were reopened now. But he argues that the first move should be made by England, whereas the attitude of the British Government is that, while it is ready to come to an agreement, it will do nothing until the Indian factions have agreed among themselves. He does not dispute the plain truth that some of the Indian demands are out of the question so long as the war continues. Nor can anyone dispute that, in the declaration made by Sir Stafford Cripps on March 24, 1942, and in his subsequent speeches, guarantees were given that "immediately upon cessation of hostilities" steps will be taken to give India the status of a dominion within the British Commonwealth of Nations. To leave things in this position has some dangers; graver dangers might well arise if anything more were attempted at present. Certainly the cause of Indian nationalism depends entirely upon the crushing of Japan.

THEODORE MAYNARD.

The History of Music in Performance. Frederick Dorian. Norton. \$4.00.

IN THE HOPE that it is never too late to review a good book, a few paragraphs are in order about Frederick Dorian's *History of Music in Performance* which came out last season. It treats of an aspect of music as interesting to the dilettante as to the performer, especially as the author presents it with a great deal of new material and contemporary data. It is a history of the way music has been played and sung since the Renaissance and consequently of hundreds of figures in musical history whose names live in relative obscurity and yet who have been of great importance in the art: the other Bachs, the Paganinis, the Clementis and the Von Bulows . . .

Because it gives the theories of the masters who have taught and of the performers who have played, it becomes a study of musical style. The ideas of the great theorists are well condensed and elucidated. The section of the book on Johann Joachim Quantz and Philipp Emanuel Bach, the theorists of the eighteenth century, is one of the best. Although it is an analysis of the subtle art of the pralltriller, the turn, shake and mordant, Mr. Dorian's chapter on ornamentation is readable and informing.

The story of the development of musical notation and of the musical score, is a process as important to music as printing is to the written word. In the eighteenth century the composer left a great deal to the performer; later, in the classical period, the score became "fixed" and improvisation was no longer permitted; the present day as little as possible is left to the performer. Mahler indicates for instance, when his singers should sit down and stand up. Schönberg, to make sure of the precise rendition of atonality, has developed an additional notation to be superimposed on the usual one. Thus the trend of interpretation has been toward objectivity although in the nineteenth century, the period of transcribing and editing of musical works this was not so. We still listen to Boris Godunoff as recomposed by Rimsky-Korsakoff. But with the wealth of data which modern historical knowledge makes available to musicians, Mr. Dorian indicates that objectivity of performance is as nearly possible as it ever will be.

MARGARET BYARD.

The End of the Beginning. Winston Churchill. Little. \$3.50.

HIS war speeches collected here show Mr. Churchill as a master of the basic English he talks about.

The Inner Forum

The Kerby Foundation for Democracy

THE DEATH of Msgr. William J. Kerby of the Catholic University seven years ago has not by any means brought to an end his work here below. Some idea of the enduring quality of his influence may be had from the formation at the University of a foundation named for him to further appreciation in the United States of the essential relation between democratic belief in the dignity of man and the basic teachings of Christianity.

Msgr. Kerby was a native of Iowa who became a member of the faculty of Catholic University three years after his ordination in Dubuque. But before assuming the job of teaching there he went to Europe to study advanced social legislation and secured a doctorate at Louvain where his thesis was, "Socialism in the United States." From 1900 to 1936 he was also chaplain and professor at Trinity College of Washington, D. C. Not only was he inspiring as a teacher of sociology but he was in great demand as a preacher of diocesan priests' retreats. He published a number of books and articles, of which perhaps the best known is his "Social Mission of Charity." Msgr. Kerby played a leading part in the establishment of the National Conference of Catholic Charities, the NCWC, the National Catholic School of Social Work and the Christ Child Society. He was a strong advocate of lay leadership in social work.

The purposes of the William J. Kerby Foundation, which may be addressed at Catholic University, are: "to promote the recognition of the necessity of a spiritual basis for democracy in order that that way of life may survive; to emphasize among those engaged in social welfare work the importance of Christ's motives if they are to accomplish their work effectively; to assist in the development of lay leadership and to supply opportunities for its effective utilization in the field of social action." This fall the Foundation and Bruce of Milwaukee are bringing out a symposium volume, "Should Democracy Survive?" to gain wider currency for these ideals. Authors in this collection include Walter Lippmann, Jacques Maritain, Philip Murray, Msgr. John A. Ryan, Don Luigi Sturzo and others. Publication and distribution of Msgr. Kerby's notes and writings will follow. And so the work of a good man lives on.

CONTRIBUTORS

Frances FERNEY is a pen name.

Cuthbert WRIGHT is Professor of English and Fine Arts at Assumption College, Worcester, Mass., and author of several books.

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Chaplain Joseph N. MOODY, a priest of the Archdiocese of New York and formerly on the faculty of Cathedral College, has been serving on the U.S.S. Massachusetts.

Lulu Varona VILA is a Colombian poet at present residing in Washington, D. C.

Olive B. WHITE is the author of "The King's Good Servant" and other historical novels.

Theodore MAYNARD is the author of a number of books in prose and verse including "The Story of American Catholicism," and "An Apostle of Charity" and "The Reed and the Rock."

Margaret BYARD frequently contributes book reviews on musical subjects to THE COMMONWEAL.

A Popular Hero, Reformer and Crusader

ST. JOHN CAPISTRAN
Reformer

By REV. JOHN HOFER

Translated by
Rev. Patrick Cummins, O.S.B.

\$4.00

A civil jurist who became an ecclesiastical inquisitor, a married man who became a Franciscan friar, a diplomat who lacked diplomacy, a preacher whose audiences were so vast that he had to preach outdoors, a papal emissary who never faltered in his loyalty, a popular hero who maintained his personal austerities to the very end of his life, a reformer who really effected reforms, a crusader who saved Belgrade and thus Europe from Turkish invasion: such was St. John Capistran.

This new biography of the great Franciscan depicts his many-sided activities with strict fidelity to authentic sources. Although every chapter has its thrills, the author never indulges in exaggerations or unwarranted assumptions. The narrative is permeated by the atmosphere of the fifteenth century (Capistran died in 1456, twenty-seven years before the birth of Luther). Although Europe was on the eve of the Protestant Revolt, it was still entirely Catholic. We have a picture of what life and thought were like in those Catholic days.

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